

The Eclectic Theosophist

FOLLOWING THE BLAVATSKY AND POINT LOMA TRADITION

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THE LITTLE THINGS . . .

"There is an uninterrupted concatenation . . . a Nidana, law of cause and effect . . . in the life of every Theosophist who is in dead earnest . . . None of you, sons of your generation and environment, seems to have paid the smallest attention to that mysterious *Nidana*."

Thus H.P.B. in a Letter to a London Group* — and continues:

None, even among the most earnest, has ever thought of watching, studying (and thus profiting by the lessons contained therein), the web of life ever woven around each one of you. Yet it is that intangible, yet plainly visible web, to those who would see its workings, in that ever open book traced in the mystic light around you, *that you could learn* — aye, even those possessed of no clairvoyant powers. . . .

Had you only paid attention to those casualties and little events, the working of these might alone have revealed to you a Guiding Hand. . . . It is the first rule in the daily life of a Student in Occultism never to take off your attention from the smallest circumstances that may happen, whether in your own or in your fellow-workers' lives. . . . *Once an earnest mystic joins the T.S. he is, invisibly and unconsciously to himself, placed on quite a different plane from those around him. There are no more meaningless or trifling circumstances in his life, for each is a link purposely placed in the chain of events that have to lead him on — forward to the Golden Gate.*

These words of HPB are pregnant with meaning. One ponders their deep import often at end of day, reflecting on "what has happened." A day of disappointments, of interruptions from what you planned, of irritations, or some surprises — a routine day, you say, of not much consequence. But have you asked yourself: did you merely succumb to such 'happenings', or take instruction from them? And then consider the Nidana, law of cause and effect. Nothing has been meaningless — *nothing*. Just as a drop of water reflects the ocean, as a shaft of sunshine the sun, so a moment reflects a day. And what you do and think and don't do and think in that march of moments creates the greater day of your

life. The "Day of Brahmā" may be spoken of as a 'day', but that great solar cycle of 4,320 million of our years is composed of the little moments, each freighted with meaning. What we realize, then, is that *we create, we build, we fashion or weave*. In that web of life we, so often blind to cause, see mainly effect, but we are both.

As children in the theosophical school of Point Loma we were encouraged to "do well the smallest duty, and when the day is done, there will be no regrets, no time wasted, then joy will come.* A child may not understand the 'philosophy' behind such admonition. But we are children no longer and are enjoined to heed that "mysterious nidana", law of cause and effect — each act "the effect of its antecedent cause, and a cause in its turn to its successor."**

Meaning is discerned, as HPB suggests, as we study 'the web of life' woven around us, giving significance to each vital moment. Doing so we see — in the essence of 'meaning' — the droplet IS the sea, the day IS the manvantara, Man IS the universe. And in the mystic light around us we come to understand "the sacredness of the moment and the day."

— W.E.S.

PREPARATION

Le Lotus Bleu, June-July 1985 issue of Société Theosophique de France, has a letter from Damodar K. Mavalankar, reprinted from *Damodar and the Pioneers of the Theosophical Movement* (compiled and annotated by Sven Eek). The letter is addressed to Carl H. Hartmann of Queensland, Australia, who had asked for spiritual instruction leading to acceptance as a chela. We give here a few extracts. Damodar also refers him to the article in *The Theosophist*, December 1882, "How a Chela Found his Guru", and his footnotes to it. — ED.

Before a person can have the privilege of being admitted as a chela even, he has to pass through a succession of lives, and *prepare himself theoretically* for the task. I do not know but that according to western notions this may sound very strange; but,

* *The Path of the Mystic*, and *The Wisdom of the Heart*, by Katherine Tingley.

** *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 39, by H.P. Blavatsky.

* See p. 10 this issue, Items of Interest.

nevertheless, it is a fact. The man has to study theoretically first, and develop within himself this germ of adeptship, before he can ever hope to approach the Secret Sanctuary in any capacity. Here then is the chance for you. *Live the life* . . . Keep always in mind that a man spins his own web in which he entangles himself, and if these meshes press hard upon him they are all of his own making. The law of Karma — that Immutable Force of Nature — which governs the universe is strict and just, as Justice cannot but be strict and severe, and if we allow ourselves to be swayed by undesirable influences, we have to blame none but ourselves Prepare yourself to perceive the truths which are not given to all to comprehend . . . This you cannot achieve better than by *realizing* the grandeur and the intellectual eminence of the leading idea of our society, *viz.*, Universal Brotherhood of Humanity . . . If you will thoroughly comprehend the germs of philosophy contained in that one idea, you cannot but try your best to promote and propagate it as far and wide as possible There lies the path then — identify yourself with nature through humanity, by means of the development of an unselfish philanthropic feeling and fitting acts, and thus mend your own future.

QUOTES FROM H.P. BLAVATSKY

As H.P.B.'s birthdate falls on July 31 (or August 8 Russian calendar), we select here a few thoughts from her article "Occultism Versus the Occult Arts," first published in *Lucifer*, May 1888; see also Blavatsky Collected Writings, IX, 249-261. — Ed.

The Great Cry of Humanity

. . . While the heart is full of thoughts for a little group of *selves*, near and dear to us, how shall the rest of mankind fare in our souls? What percentage of love and care will there remain to bestow on the "great orphan"? And how shall the "still small voice" make itself heard in a soul entirely occupied with its own privileged tenants? What room is there left for the needs of Humanity *en bloc* to impress themselves upon, or even receive a speedy response? And yet, he who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind, has to reach it through *the whole of Humanity*, without distinction of race, complexion, religion or social status. It is *altruism*, not *ego-ism* even in its most legal and noble conceptions, that can lead the unit to merge its little Self in the Universal Selves. It is to *these* needs and to this work that the true disciple of true Occultism has to devote himself, if he would obtain *Theo-sophy*, divine Wisdom and Knowledge.

Narrow is the Gate

. . . Most men shrink from realizing their error, and thus descend deeper and deeper into the mire.

And, although it is the intention that decides primarily whether *white* or *black* magic is exercised, yet the results even of involuntary, unconscious sorcery cannot fail to be productive of bad Karma. Enough has been said to show that *sorcery is any kind of evil influence exercised upon other persons, who suffer, or make other persons suffer, in consequence*. Karma is a heavy stone splashed in the quiet waters of Life; and it must produce ever widening circles of ripples, carried wider and wider, almost *ad infinitum*. Such causes produced have to call forth effects, and these are evidenced in the just laws of Retribution.

Much of this may be avoided if people will only abstain from rushing into practices neither the nature nor importance of which they understand. No one is expected to carry a burden beyond his strength and powers. There are "natural-born magicians"; Mystics and Occultists by birth, and by right of direct inheritance from a series of incarnations and aeons of suffering and failures. These are passion-proof, so to say. No fires of earthly origin can fan into a flame any of their senses or desires; no human voice can find response in their souls, except the great cry of Humanity. These only may be certain of success. But they can be met only far and wide, and they pass through the narrow gates of Occultism because they carry no personal luggage of human transitory sentiments along with them. They have got rid of the feeling of the lower personality, paralyzed thereby the "astral" animal, and the golden, but narrow gate is thrown open before them. Not so with those who have to carry yet for several incarnations the burden of sins committed in previous lives, and even in their present existence. For such, unless they proceed with great caution, the golden gate of Wisdom may get transformed into the wide gate and the broad way "that leadeth unto destruction," and therefore "many be they that enter in thereby." This is the Gate of the Occult arts, practised for selfish motives and in the absence of the restraining and beneficent influence of *ĀTMA-VIDYĀ*. We are in the Kali Yuga and its fatal influence is a thousand-fold more powerful in the West than it is in the East; hence the easy preys made by the Powers of the Age of Darkness in this cyclic struggle, and the many delusions under which the world is now laboring. One of these is the relative facility with which men fancy they can get at the "Gate" and cross the threshold of Occultism without any great sacrifice. It is the dream of most Theosophists, one inspired by desire for Power and personal selfishness, and it is not such feelings that can ever lead them to the coveted goal. For, as well said by one believed to have sacrificed himself for Humanity — "narrow is the gate and straight the way that leadeth unto life" eternal, and therefore "few be they that find it." So straight indeed, that at the bare mention of some of the preliminary difficulties the

affrighted Western candidates turn back and retreat with a shudder

THE GREAT ILLUMINATION

G. Cardinal LeGros

Mystics of all ages are in agreement that one of the most remarkable experiences possible while in the physical body is a sudden, transcendental awareness of a realm of Reality beyond. It is often called "Cosmic Consciousness" or "The Great Illumination."

A modern mystic, Arthur Koestler, while in prison during the Spanish Civil War, and expecting any moment to be taken out and shot, writes with rare beauty of the illumination that came to him in his lonely cell. "... a wordless essence, a fragrance of eternity, a quiver of the arrow in the blue . . . I was floating . . . in a river of peace, under bridges of silence. It came from nowhere and flowed nowhere. Then there was no river at all and no I. The "I" had ceased to exist . . . dissolved in the universal pool."

It is a brief at-one-ment with the Kosmic Heart, a sublime and often terrifying moment of "self-nakedness" when everything personal and transitory, of form and feeling, drops away, or is over-passed, leaving only the spark of individual selfhood awake and conscious in what G. de Purucker used to call "boundless infinitude."

It is an excursion into Vastness, Immensity, No-Thing-Ness. One becomes momentarily the All-ness Itself, and knows nothing but an Omnipresence of pure and eternal Harmony. He floats, as Koestler says, in "a river of peace, under bridges of silence."

It is something that must happen to everyone, soon or late, as he moves forward along the pathways of unfoldment. It comes unannounced, like a rush of wind, or a lightning flash. But it is enough to show the heart and mind that there is another world, another reach of conscious knowing which lies beyond all familiar horizons, and that the essence or fragrance of the Glorious Reality is "Love, an immense Love for all humanity" — Divine Compassion which is the Heart of the Universe.

How comforting it is to know that the Christ-Self, the Buddha Within, is the heart of our being, our Inmost, the True "I" that mounts eternally the Golden Stairway of Greater-Becoming, moving triumphantly through all Tomorrows on a wondrous journey that has no ending!

And as we go let us reach out our hands to those who walk in darkness, who suffer in ignorance, who hear no Inner Voice, for they are we, and we are they, and all that is beats with a single heart.

— Messiah, No. 59, Spring 1985

FROM ATHEISM TO THEOSOPHY

Extract from 'On the Lookout', *Theosophy*, October, 1983 (United Lodge of Theosophists, Los Angeles, California).

Last May, the *Canadian Theosophist* reprinted "H.P.B. As I Saw Her," by R. Jagannathiah (*Adyar Bulletin*, May, 1909), adding another item of interest to the lore of H.P.B. Jagannathiah was introduced to H.P.B. by Damodar K. Mavalankar in 1882:

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "I expected that you would come to me some day." I asked her how she could expect me, since she was a Theosophist and I an Atheist. She asked Mr. Damodar to fetch her scrap-book, and showed me some cuttings from my lectures on "Kapila, Buddha and Shankara," and said that . . . as they breathed a spirit of enquiry after Truth . . . she reasonably concluded that I would go to her for further light on the problem of problems — the mystery of life and death.

Jagannathiah came armed with carefully formulated questions. As a member of the National Secular Society of England, he consoled himself with the idea "that the problems I proposed were insoluble, and that they would tax her fine and philosophic intellect." To his astonishment H.P.B. took up question after question and solved them. "The array of facts she cited," he writes, and her "incontrovertible arguments, historical, philosophical, and scientific, confused my poor intellect . . . I 'went to shear but returned shorn'. In three days she "shattered my seven years' knowledge of atheistic theories."

"Why do you trouble with western Secularism, a modern mushroom?" H.P.B. asked Jagannathiah, "you have secularism among yourselves. The Charvakas were Atheists, but they were not able to stand." She told him he could find truth nowhere but in the teachings of the Aryan Rishis, and advised him "to study the *Upanishhads* day and night." H.P.B. suggested that Jagannathiah join the Theosophical Society if he became convinced of the truth of Theosophy. "To her regret," he says, "many an intelligent and learned Hindu kept aloof from the movement and looked with some suspicion on her for her western origin and alien race." If he decided to become a member, she told him, he ought to do so "under the following conditions: I should not run after phenomena; should not be too anxious to see the Masters; should not run away to the forests; but should study the philosophy of Theosophy; and work to spread a knowledge thereof in the world as I was then doing in respect to Atheism."

"I gladly joined," Jagannathiah says, and concludes his brief reminiscence:

"H.P.B. opened my eyes and enlightened my ignorance. She turned by attention to the precious and lustrous gems of knowledge lying deep in the oriental mines of wisdom. Very kindly and motherly advice was that she gave me in bidding me read the *Upanishhads*, which were Schopenhauer's "solace in life and solace in death." I owe my life and knowledge to her, the Great Teacher, H.P. Blavatsky.

FATE

The Greek word *moira* (μῦρα) means "part, lot, share, fate"; and, as a proper noun and in the plural, meant the Fates or *Moirae*. Note the connection between the meanings, both in Greek and in English. It gives the idea that our fate or destiny is our *share*, our allotted fortune. Share in what? In a common achievement, a craft in which all share and each takes his proper part. This takes the mind away from the idea of personal profit or loss, an idea which is the keynote of an over-individualistic atmosphere. The religious idea of acceptance of the Divine Will and Wisdom, and the Norse idea of acceptance of whatever the Fates decree, are more or less in accord with this view. Should we regard ourself as a victim suffering infliction, or as a workman doing his duty? It may be a consolation for the afflicted to take the latter view, as has been done by many writers of Consolations and Meditations.

If the personality (not individuality) is illusory, pertaining to the lower planes but not to the higher, then all problems take on a new color when viewed with this in mind. We are concerned with 'vaster issues', 'more stately mansions.' We are 'Builders'.

— Henry T. Edge

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELL

This is the last paragraph of a 14-page study and commentary on "The Bell" in *Hermes*, November 1984 (Universal Theosophy Fellowship, Santa Barbara, California.) — ED.

To know the voidness of all manifest life and yet turn back to enlighten those who clutch at it, searching desperately for a fullness that will never be found, is the supreme act of Bodhisattvic renunciation.

To do this one must be able to hear the bell of Truth, know that its echoes in the world are but fragmented and often discordant reflections, and yet perceive, in man's very ability to thrill and be uplifted by the sound of a bell, the soul which in essence is ever merged in the One. All the rituals and lore associated with the bell are dim reflections of this greater truth. Behind all the squalid victories, minor joys, triumphs and sadnesses celebrated by ringing bells lies the great, vast field of *Akasha* which interpenetrates all the three worlds. Every shred of nobility, dignity and truth which human beings collectively experience through the solemn or joyful toning of a great bell takes its origin in this field wherein all are unseparated from one another. The bell hangs aloft between heaven and earth, and its ringing is heard by collective humanity. The bell does not ring for one and not for another, but tolls for all. All will pass through *Samsara* as surely as life follows death, and all, regardless of time or space, make the journey together. That is

the message of the bell, and it is its realization which will enable us to hold the *vajra* and the *ghanta* across one another in perfect balance over our hearts and bend our whole effort towards embodying the Buddha that we are. The individuality invested in each bell, from one whose voice is cracked to one with a 'virgin peal', reflects the individual human being's potential, in the face of whatever limitations any might have. To rise up and make of one's whole being a bell whose voice is ever in harmony with the pure Sound of Truth that rings eternally in Silence — this is the great aim. This is the Path that leads to Adi-Buddha's shore.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

HOW TO CONDUCT A QUARREL

Kenneth Morris

The following is reprinted from *Y Fforwm Theosophaidd*, Cardiff, Wales, June 1935. After leaving the Point Loma Theosophical Headquarters, where he had been a teacher in the school and university, for his native Wales in January of 1930, Dr. Morris became President of the Welsh Section of the T.S. His enthusiasm and energy were broadcast through Wales in the new lodges there and through his editing and articles in their monthly magazine. — ED.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in it,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee. — *Hamlet*

It's fun to twist old Polonius from his true intent, as when one makes him mean *To thine own (Higher) self be true*; still there is a way of conducting a quarrel so that the opposer may, if not beware of thee, something just as good. Or indeed a great deal better.

It is A and B who are quarrelling. Now A and B are both composed of two parts: A Real Part, that can't quarrel, because it can't be wounded, irritated, insulted, or anything of that sort, and can only regard another human being in one way; that is, with what we call Impersonal Love; and an Unreal Part called the personal self, which may be compared to a quicksand, a mirage, a fogbank, a will-o-the-wisp. Watch it now in action: We'll say the quarrel began this way: A had an attack of indigestion; B made a foolish remark to him. A snapped back; B bridled up and answered hotly. And now comes into being a quite definite thing we may call ill-will. A shoots it to B, and is eased of his burden; B, the moment before inclined to be forgiving, is filled with it, *becomes* it, and for relief, shoots it back to A. It is like a tennis ball tossed to and fro; but it becomes the one to whom it is tossed. How little a real thing that personal

self is, is shown by the fact that when the missile ill-will is tossed to it, it flows into the shape of that missile, becomes it. It therefore has no fixed and real identity of its own, but flows from color to color like a well-bred chameleon that has been taught the laws of Natural History.

First of all then, it is necessary for A or B to catch that missile and take it where it cannot hurt him: upstairs, so to say, into the part of him which liveth in the heart-life of all things. That part of him delights in the existence of his fellow-quarreller; perceives the inmost nobility in him and treasures the perception. It has that delight in, and that perception of, the godhood of every human being. Shooting back from there, his opponent has not a chance against him. He is more the partisan of that opponent than the latter is of himself.

Meet offences from that Real Place in you, and the offender is commonly cured, and often grateful. Smack back, and you are hurt yourself. Regard your partner in a quarrel as a bad lot, a poison-breeder and what not, and he will be just that for you. Think only of the nobility in him, and it shall follow as the night the day that you will force that nobility into manifestation.

IX: QUESTIONS – YOUR ANSWERS

We come now to the study of *Hierarchies: The Cosmic Ladder of Life* (Manual No. 9) by Gertrude W. van Pelt, M.D. a T.S. member from the very early days of the Society in New York and (after 1900) at Point Loma, contributor to theosophical periodicals during those years and a deep student of *The Secret Doctrine*. — ED.

I. INTRODUCTION

1. Who was Dionysius the Areopagite? What terms (still used in the Christian Church today) showing the hierarchical structure of the universe did he introduce? (pp. 2-3)
2. Give examples of a hierarchy. (pp. 3-5)
3. In what way in the human kingdom is the condition different from the lower kingdoms as regards guidance by higher Beings? (p. 6)

II. THE HUMAN BODY

1. What thoughts do you get from this chapter as to the human body being a Universe?

III. SOURCE OF THESE TEACHINGS

1. From whence have all the Founders of the great religions come? (pp. 14-15)
2. What is the 'authority' for the teachings of Theosophy? (pp. 15-16)
3. In your own words give a definition of a hierarchy, and the "generalized Greek Hierarchy" of the historical period just preceding the Christian. (pp. 16-17)

4. Why is the belief in an extra-cosmic God illogical and contrary to what is seen to be universal in nature? (pp. 18-19)

IV. MAN'S COMPOSITE NATURE AS A HIERARCHY

1. What can you say about the Universe being "worked and *guided* from *within outwards*" and by an "almost endless series of Hierarchies of sentient Beings . . ." (pp. 23-24)

V. THE INFINITE AND ETERNAL CAUSE OF BEING

1. What do you understand by "a Boundless Principle"? (pp. 25-26)

VI. THE UNIVERSE AS A HIERARCHY

1. In what manner may every point of space be considered a center of consciousness? (p. 30)
2. Starting from "below" give some of the grades of life exemplifying the universal hierarchical arrangement. Starting from "above" trace the pattern as it is seen descending towards our own realm. (pp. 33-34)
3. In what way may a tree symbolize the hierarchical structure of the universe? (pp. 34-35)

VII. OUR SOLAR SYSTEM AS A HIERARCHY

1. What is "the real Sun"? What happens at its 'death' when the Solar Pralaya arrives? (pp. 36-37)
2. What are the six planets (or "major hierarchies") forming our solar system? What is Uranus? What is Neptune? (pp. 38-39)
3. What is meant by a Hierarchy of Compassion? What is meant by the incarnation of the Mānasaputras? (pp. 39-40)
4. What is the "Wondrous Being", (pp. 40-41)
5. What and where is Śambhala? (pp. 41-42)

VIII. CO-OPERATION THROUGHOUT ALL HIERARCHIES

1. What are the "Architects", and what is their work? (p. 44)
2. What are the "Builders", and what is their work? (p. 44)
3. In the sevenfold constitution of man, which principles represent the Architects, and which the Builders? (p. 46)
4. What is a *laya-center*? (pp. 49-50)
5. What is the doctrine of Emanations? (pp. 51-52)

IX. INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION

1. How is it that evolution is impossible without involution? How is this represented in the great cycles as one great co-operative process? (pp. 55-57)

X. BROTHERHOOD AS A FACT IN NATURE

1. In what way does the teaching of Hierarchies demonstrate that Brotherhood is an incontrovertible *fact* in Nature? (pp. 61-63)

A SPIRITUAL MASTERPIECE

Gary Doore

In *The Voice of the Silence* H.P. Blavatsky presented the western world with a spiritual masterpiece which, despite its merits, seems still little known outside a relatively small circle of Theosophists and a few other genuine seekers who have recognized its worth. This comparative obscurity, however, is unfortunate for in this short, aphoristic and often cryptic 'handbook' of Buddhist mysticism we are given one of the few works in English dealing with the recondite subject of "NĀDA", or "Sound Current" *yoga* (Fragment I), probably one of the least understood of all yogic practices, and said by many of its followers to be one of the highest, most direct forms of spiritual culture known, but which is usually imparted directly from guru to disciple.

In addition, while Fragment I elaborates points only briefly touched upon in works such as Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras* (and hence is of great value to a western student lacking a personal teacher to supply the details of the condensed aphorisms), it also presents *yoga* from the distinctively altruistic standpoint of Mahāyāna Buddhism, primarily in Fragments II and III. Therefore it is a work that can be appreciated not only as a theosophical classic, but also from a purely yogic and Buddhistic standpoint.

One of the unfortunate consequences of the modern state of mind is that *yoga* is often presented in a way calculated to appeal to the selfish and merely personal instincts. For instance, we hear much about Self-realization with little or no explanation of the meaning of "Self" in the term, thus allowing imagination to supply the definition, which may then picture the Self as a super-personality with great magnetism and power, thereby reducing *yoga* to a type of exotic ego-building exercise. And there is also much loose talk about the bliss obtainable for oneself by certain yogic methods, about one's own ultimate escape from suffering, and so forth.

With the exception of Northern or Mahāyāna Buddhism, the idea of "liberation" (*mokṣa*) in Indian thought has usually (although not always) tended to be a merely personal escape from continued rebirth into earthly existence. Such an escape is then made into a final goal toward which the various systems (Yoga, Vedanta, etc.) promise to lead one. In the Northern schools of Buddhism, however, the meaning of liberation through *yoga* is shifted to an altruistic plane, and the ideal of the Bodhisattva becomes the central focus. Thus the spiritual hero is not the person who escapes into nirvāṇic bliss, but he who voluntarily renounces that reward when it is within reach, in order to reembody in the world again and again as a guide and teacher for the spiritual welfare of all beings.

It is still recognized in these schools, of course,

that one must have first mastered a spiritual discipline such as *yoga* in order to be effective in such a capacity. Yet is it not claimed that 'one must help oneself first before he can help others', as often stated by proponents of traditional Indian *yogas*, since it is realized that this 'putting oneself first' is a fundamentally unspiritual attitude, and in fact one of the first obstacles that must be overcome on the Path, such an attitude being a ready excuse for indefinitely delaying any attempt to help. For it always appears from this standpoint that the 'final goal' which must be reached before one is qualified to be of service lies somewhere in the distant future. The mahāyāna, on the other hand, proclaims that the very thought of compassionate concern for the welfare of one's fellow-beings is the essence of true spirituality. Moreover, it states that this 'enlightened attitude' (*bodhicitta*) is not only the prerequisite for beginning to tread the Path, but is in fact the very heart of the Path itself. Hence, students of the Buddha's doctrine are instructed in the Tibetan schools that if they thoroughly understand the teaching about *bodhicitta* they have understood everything; or, as it is said in *The Voice of the Silence*: "Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself."

Thus *The Voice of the Silence* is a harmonious blend of practical *yogic* instruction together with the noble altruism of the Northern schools of Buddhism, which advises that even at the beginning of spiritual practice one should endeavor to fulfill the Bodhisattva vows of altruism, even if very imperfectly at first. Hence, this work of H.P. Blavatsky is not only a unique contribution to the Eastern esoteric literature available in English, but is also an excellent introduction to both *yoga* and Mahāyāna Buddhist thought for those new to the subjects, while serving as a source of daily guidance and inspiration to those who are already familiar with the teachings and are endeavoring to practice them in their lives.

"THE FINDING OF" POINT LOMA

Account by G. de Purucker of his First Meeting with Katherine Tingley in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1896.

Though the Theosophical Center on Point Loma, contiguous to the Government owned end of the promontory, moved from there in 1942 during WW II years, there is still much historical interest in the early days when the land purchase of 500 or so acres was made. Officially the T.S. Headquarters was transferred from New York there in 1900, but the site had been bought some years before that. The following tells the story. Katherine Tingley at the time was Head of the Society, and G. de Purucker, later to succeed her, was a young man living in Geneva. The following was transcribed by Iverson L. Harris from his shorthand notes of a General Business Committee Meeting in G. de P.'s Office, Point Loma, California, on the evening of April 26, 1930. — ED.

It was in 1896. I was then studying music. I had come up from my studio down below and was waiting for afternoon tea, which was a great institution with us. At four o'clock we always had tea and bread and butter and jam — home-made jam. One of my sisters was playing the piano and I was thrumming a mandolin, waiting until tea was served. The maid came in and said that a Mr. 'Ray' was at the door and insisted upon speaking to me. She said, "I don't like the looks of that man, Monsieur. He is so insistent. He won't go away, although I told him you were busy."

I said, "What does he look like?"

"He is a foreigner man. He is not a Swiss at all."

I said, "Well show him in." And in came Claude Falls Wright. I had met him once at 144 Madison Avenue, New York. I think it was you, Joe [Fussell], who introduced me to him. I didn't fancy him much, but I greeted him cordially and asked him to sit down. He said, "No, I have a carriage at the door. K.T. sent me around to find you. Or rather, I came around to find you."

I said, "Is K.T. in Geneva?"

He said, "Yes, we arrived last night, and I wish you would come right along and meet her at the hotel. I know she would be delighted finding one of our people here."

I said, "Certainly, let me get my hat and stick." So we went out to the gate and drove to the hotel. Outside the door, the first two people I saw standing and chatting in the corridor were a very tall bald man and a very short bald man. The tall bald man had a mustache and goatee, a rather military-looking man who strutted when he walked. That was [F.M.] Pierce, and the little man was very dapper, dainty and neat and had thick chops — looked as if he liked eating; and that was Mr. [H.T.] Patterson. I didn't know them. I knocked at the door. I saw K.T. sitting at a little table by the window. Claude Falls Wright said: "This is the gentleman, K.T., one of our people here." K.T. looked up, smiled, looked at me very keenly, looked me through and through, as she had a habit of doing with strangers. I went up to her, kissed her hand, expressed my pleasure in seeing her in person. It was the first time I had met her. She asked me to sit down, said she was very busy, could see me for a moment or two. She was framing a cable, she told us, a report about some land. I was just delighted to see her, of course, chatted a bit, and I arose to go and she suddenly turned to me and said: "By the way, you were in America?"

I said "Yes."

"In what part?"

"In California."

She said, "What part of California?"

"In San Diego."

Claude Falls Wright, who was sitting by K.T.,

suddenly looked up and he said, "My God!"

And K.T. said, "All do sit down a moment again. This is most interesting. I would like to speak to you about something. Perhaps you could help me here. I think you can" — or words to that effect.

So I sat down and waited and she said: "Do you know the environments of San Diego? What kind of land is around there? It is a sea-port, is it not?"

I said, "Yes, it is, quite a beautiful place in its way. It is a small town."

And she said, "Is there any land around there that juts out into the sea — a sort of prolongation of the land, like a finger pointing out into the ocean, a peninsula?"

I said, "Yes, Point Loma."

She said, "How long is it since you were in San Diego?"

"Oh, about a year ago, or less, nine months perhaps — I forget just when it was."

She said, "Do you know anything about this Point Loma you speak of?"

I said, "I know of it. I used to see it every day. I have never been over there. The roads are always very bad. It is eight or nine miles from town. I never had any duties to take me there. I know something about it."

She said, "Who owns Point Loma?"

I said, "The Government owns the tip on the most southerly end. Just how much, I don't know, and the rest is owned privately, I suppose; in fact I am sure it is."

She said, "Could you draw me a map; just a rough pencil map, a sketch of what San Diego Bay is and where San Diego lies, and more or less the shape of Point Loma and its direction, how it points?"

I said, "Of course I can. I am no artist."

So she gave me a piece of paper and handed me the pencil she was scribbling with and sat down, and this is the piece of paper, which I still have here. So I drew the outline of Point Loma and its directions, according to points of the compass, and the entrance to the bay and Coronado Island and how San Diego lay, and I wrote in the names as I remembered: Point Loma, San Diego Bay, Old Town, San Diego City, National City, and Fort Rosecrans and Coronado, and handed it to her.

"Well," she said, "do you know that you have done more for me and the Work than you realize today?"

I said, "Well, I am very happy."

She said, "When you came in I was trying to frame a telegram to my Agent in California, telling him that he was wrong; that there was such a place in San Diego. I knew it was there because I had seen it. I had never been there, but I have seen it, and I didn't know how to tell him where to go and what it was. I could not locate it in words. And now," she says, "it

is all here." "Claude," she said, "you take this telegram down at once." And then she dictated a telegram to him: "Just received news that the land I want is Point Loma" — or words to this effect — "a peninsula extending Southwards. The name is Point Loma. The tip is owned by the Government; the other is held by private parties. Investigate at once and follow instructions" — or words to that effect. Just what the wording was I do not remember at all, but that is the idea. I think this went to Mr. Rambo, or to Neresheimer, who transmitted it to Rambo and Griscom. K.T. spoke of Rambo, whom I had met once.

Then I got up to go, and I was just going to tear up this thing [the drawing]. "Oh," she said, "Don't tear that up. I am going to send it on immediately." So it was sent on to Mr. Neresheimer or to Mr. Rambo. The next day I came around to the hotel. I could not go to the meeting that night (which was in the hotel) because I had promised my people I would not go. I explained that to K.T. She was a little upset about it. She was very queer that way. If you didn't do just what she wanted in a certain thing, she would have her own reactions. Still, I followed my instinct. Before I went, however, she called me.

"Wouldn't you like to go with us?"

I said, "What do you mean, Mme. Tingley?"

She said, "I mean, go on the Crusade, accompany us."

I said, "I would just love to go with you."

She said, "Why don't you?"

I said, "The trouble is that any week I am expecting word from a friend in Ceylon, who has a large plantation, and I have practically engaged my word that I will go out with him and begin raising tea." I said, "I know it is only a temporary thing." Then I looked at her and stood up. She looked at me with those wonderful eyes of hers. She said, "You are not telling me the whole thing." I said, "No, I cannot; but I think you understand."

She said, "I do; but I think you are making a mistake. You ought to go with us."

I said, "I will tell you tomorrow, Mme. Tingley, just what I can do."

I went home, and oh! I cannot tell you how I wanted to go with K.T. I thought all night about it, dreamed of it, the little sleep I had. But I had pledged my word and it did not seem right to break it. You see then I was very young. I didn't know as much as I knew later. I went around in the morning to see K.T. and her party before they left for Interlaken, I think it was, or Zurich. K.T. was sitting in the lobby of the hotel. Mrs. Wright was there at her side. Claude was chatting with one of the hotel porters and putting on airs. He was dressed in the most comical fashion I ever saw a man dressed in — a strange character — his hat on the top of his head and his hands in his

pockets. He was a spectacle. I went up to K.T. and kissed her hand. I sat down beside her. She very kindly asked me to do so. And she said, "Well, are you going?" She said, "I know you are not."

"I cannot," I said.

"Well," she said, "I understand. Perhaps you are doing right. I think you are doing wrong, but," she said, "remember this, that your telling me what you did yesterday afternoon has brought a great deal of help to me, and when I see you again I will explain more about it."

I said, "Thank you. I am very happy to have been any help." And I saw them out into the bus and shook hands all around. The hotel bus swished away and off they went to the station. Here is the map.

Mr. Copeland: When did you see her again?

G. de P.: The next time I saw K.T. was at 144 Madison Ave., New York, just before I went down to Brazil and the Argentine the next year; just shook hands with her. I came to the meeting. I was just coming in the door when she came in from the hall. I stepped back and turned. She looked at me a minute. She said, "I remember you very well. How are you?" And she gave me the tips of her fingers and just went on. I was so hurt. It just cut me to the quick. I was awfully hurt, just like a boy. She had cut me — my own Teacher and Leader. It was hard, and I went in and sat at the meeting. Then you, Joe, came with a word from K.T. and said, "The Leader, or Mme. Tingley, wants to know if you won't speak this evening."

And I said, "Well, I am not accustomed to public speaking. I always have such fright. I wonder if Mrs. Tingley would excuse me. I simply feel tonight as if I could not say a word." I was just cut up, awfully hurt. And you, Joe, went back and told her. I didn't hear anything more; so after the meeting I just got up and went out.

Mr. Fussell: I don't remember that at all. But I do remember when you passed through New York on your way to Geneva. You came upstairs to the first floor office, when Judge was the Leader. He was away, down South.

G. de P.: The next time I saw K.T. was here [in Point Loma]; and then the karma had changed. She was just lovely. You remember when you brought me to her, she was sitting in the swing outside what is now Mrs. Lambert's office. She was just goodness itself from that time.

Mr. Tyberg: The first time I met you was in New York City at the hotel, just before you came [to Point Loma]. I had a talk with K.T. and she told me about you and described you. She told both those stories, first of your meeting in Geneva, and then about this meeting when she snubbed you.

G. de P.: And it was a snub, and I was frozen stiff.

Mr. Tyberg: Here is the map made by G. de P. in Geneva — the one which K.T. sent to Nere. In K.T.'s handwriting: "Map made by G.de P. in Geneva. The one he made which was sent to Nere, and G. de P. confirmed it by this map. K.T." "This is a rough sketch of San Diego and environments as I remember it. G. de P." "This is the place" [in K.T.'s handwriting], "Point Loma. This light-house deserted now."

G. de P.: I must have told her all those things. Those mystic signs that she had on Coronado Island, Hotel del Coronado. "Higher part of ground, City of San Diego."

I wanted to go with her more than I can tell you; but I was scared stiff. An amazing thing to say; but it was a fact, and I thought when the time came it would be quite enough. And when I arrived at Point Loma, in the first night's conversation between K.T. and me, she said, "Now, G. de P., I am going to propose something to you, and you can take your choice: either be my secretary and go right along until I go 'home,' or — and this is what I myself would prefer — I will make you my official Head and I will retain the E.S. work until I pass on." And I said, "Let me think about it a little while, K.T.," or 'Purple', as we always called her then. And I waited a few days, and then, when she spoke of it again, I said, "K.T., if you don't mind, my feeling is that I would much prefer just to remain in the background as much as I can, just be your secretary and help you in every way. I am here to serve; but I don't want any official position at all."

And she said, "Well, all right. We will let it go at that." That was in 1903.

In 1913 K.T. said: "I don't want anybody to know until I pass what position you are going to hold in the Society."

I said, "That suits me perfectly."

And she took particular pains to destroy the impression in people's minds that she herself had built up — I used to tell her. And then she would come to me two or three times afterwards and she said to me: "Do you think I am going too far?" "Oh, no," I said; "You are the boss. You are the Chief."

ITEMS OF INTEREST AND NOTES FROM THE EDITOR

Reference for Letter from H.P.B. to London Group — ?

We would be grateful if any reader could give us the reference for the Letter from H.P.B. to a London Group, from which we quoted in our opening article in this issue. The year in all likelihood was 1888, or possibly 1889; but where was it first published? In quoting, we try to follow our strict rule of always giving source.

Further in the same Letter are the perhaps better known lines, which carry their own import:

"No one seems even to suspect the real true nature of the T.S., which cannot die were all Oxford, Cambridge, and the Austrian, German, and Russian secret police to try to destroy it. Individual branches may collapse; the Parent Body — whether at Adyar or the North Pole — cannot be annihilated for it is the nursery and granary of the societies in the Twentieth century . . ."

—*Verb. sap.*

The Importance of History

The new independent quarterly journal founded this year in England bids fair to fill a space long needed in theosophical study and research. It is a broad task requiring vigorous delving for facts, as well as discernment in exposition, and we wish the editor-founder Mr. Leslie Price every success. In his first editorial (January 1985) he writes: "... we think the long and complicated story of Theosophy needs a forum in which it (history) can be examined in greater detail, in a wider perspective and more freely than existing publications permit, but there does not appear to be a purely historical channel for printing new papers, publishing archives for the first time and reprinting rare historical sources. Standing on the shoulders of many excellent scholars who have gone before us in Theosophy, we hope to grow into this."

Leslie Price was formerly Secretary of the Olcott Center and a Vice-President of its successor the Olcott Lodge. He is the author of "Madame Blavatsky Unveiled?", a paper read to the S.P.R. on 12 April 1983, and of "The Blavatsky Case on the Eve of the Centenary", a paper presented at the S.P.R. Oxford Conference in 1984. Annual subscription to *Theosophical History* is one pound sterling (£1). Address inquiries to the editor: 46 Evelyn Gardens, London SW7 3BH, England.

New Class Starting August 20

We are informed by David Reigle, Eastern School, P. O. Box 684, Talent, Oregon 97540, of a new class starting August 20, entitled *Introduction to Eastern Thought*. It includes: Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, and Theosophy. Texts representing Theosophy are *Esoteric Buddhism*, by A.P. Sinnett, and *The Key to Theosophy*, by H.P.B. Eastern School is a non-profit organization, formerly known as the Theosophical Research Center. Most of their scheduled classes are part of a three-year program to begin January 1986. This will require three years of Sanskrit; two years study of *The Secret Doctrine*; plus one of three other Eastern scriptures (1 year), the *Yoga Sutras* of Patanjali, and *The Voice of the Silence*. There are no fees. Free copy of a quarterly bulletin will be sent on request.

El Oceano de la Teosofia

We have mentioned it before, but we repeat it for the benefit of new readers of Spanish: W. Q. Judge's *The Ocean of Theosophy* is available in Spanish translation, "carefully checked with the original", from The Theosophy Company, 245 W. 33rd Street, Los Angeles, Calif., 90007, at \$3.75. In both Los Angeles and New York City weekly "Ocean" classes in Spanish are conducted.

"Man in Evolution"

The January/February 1985 issue of *Lucifer* (Stichting I.S.I.S., Blavatskyhuis, De Ruyterstraat 74, The Hague, Holland), announces publication of a Dutch translation of G. de Purucker's *Man in Evolution*. This is important because it adheres strictly to the original English edition of 1941, reproducing the original Preface by the author and the Foreword by Henry T. Edge. This announcement prints these and follows with a list of Contents and the whole introductory chapter: "The Approach to Truth". We wish to congratulate Stichting I.S.I.S. on this very concrete achievement.

The same issue advertises the Dutch translation of Talbot

Mundy's *OM*, *The Secret of Ahbor Valley*, which also surely will be welcomed by Dutch readers generally. (For full information write to the Blavatskyhuis address.)

The New Reincarnation Book

We have referred before to *Reincarnation, a New Horizon in Science, Religion and Society*, by Sylvia Cranston and Carey Williams, and excellent reviews have appeared in several theosophical magazines, such as *The Canadian Theosophist* (April 1985) and *Le Lotus Bleu* (May 1985), official organ of the T.S. (Adyar) of France; but we quote here a few comments from other sources:

Booklist (American Library Association):

"Although books on reincarnation continue to flood the market, this volume is unique. . . . Is written so lucidly and with such flavor that even the most die-hard skeptic will come away with much to think about. Well documented.

Professor Gay Wilson Allen (noted author and biographer)

"A magnificent book. . . . An important, continuously rewarding work. Tremendously interested in your lecture at Harvard on reincarnation." (Sylvia Cranston had spoken on the subject there, and she and Caren M. Elin and Myrra Lee had also given lectures on the subject at Columbia University).

John Lilly, M.D. (author of The Center of the Cyclone and The Mind of the Dolphin):

"After reading this unique and fascinating book my views were changed. They are much more in consonance with the authors."

Shirley MacLaine

"This is the book I have been waiting for. It is very special to me. Won't you please autograph my copy?"

Morey Bernstein (author of The Search for Bridey Murphy)

"The book is a masterpiece."

Kathleen Jenks (Therapist and Teacher, author of Journal of a Dream Animal, and The River and the Stone: the Young Manhood of Moses):

"... a sensitive and exquisite book. The logic is impeccable, the scholarship brilliant, and the insights both harrowing and inspiring. . . . I am recommending this book to all my clients and students. The authors have made a superb and long needed contribution to psychology as well as western theology. We are all in their debt."

(Order from: Crown Publishers, Inc., One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016; 400 pages \$16.95).

Talbot Mundy on Kenneth Morris

"Accustomed as it is to violence the mind of man enjoys the military metaphor; it likes its similes assembled from the ordnance-list. Such words as 'cannonade' and 'culverin' suggest a victory and their significance is all heroic, since imagination dims itself toward the other aspect. If I liken Kenneth Morris to a lonely culverin assailing Bigots' Castle the suggestion should not be extended to include the 'villainous saltpeter' and the malice. Year in, year out, he has kept on cannonading the redoubts of ignorance, and now a breach begins to show, through which, it may be, even the 'authorities' will march with blaring bands — forgetful of the man who laid that lonely culverin and served it faithfully; ignoring the great general who gave him that fatiguing post; and thoughtful only of the plunder.

"For there will be plunder when the walls are down and men see history with unobstructed view. There will be riches beyond dream, of food for the intelligence and stimulus for the imagination; treasures from the fabled past that turn out to be beautiful and true; recovered provinces of knowledge in which educators will discern that evocation is a higher calling and the grandeur of the ever-present past is rediscoverable in the hearts of men. . . .

"... Kenneth Morris, speaking with authority, because he had *The Secret Doctrine* to rely on and making use of the Key that H.P. Blavatsky brought westward, has unlocked the storehouse of antiquity. Whoever will, may enter. . . ."

The above comment is from the pen of another storyteller, Talbot Mundy, at the time comparing the writings of Kenneth Morris, Flinders Petrie, and Spengler (*The Theosophical Path*, November 1929). The years have passed since that writing, but the prophetic nature of Mundy's words is coming more to the fore. Morris' birthday, July 31st (1879) serves as a nudge to call again to our readers' attention the recent scholarly work by Kenneth J. Zahorski and Robert H. Boyer: *Lloyd Alexander, Evangeline Walton Ensley, Kenneth Morris: A Primary and Secondary Bibliography*, published by G.K. Hall & Co., 70 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass., (\$23.00).

A far more fascinating study than the title indicates, the 128 pages alone devoted to KM include a discerning biographical/critical essay revealing of the inner driving motive of his work: "... Theosophy doubtlessly strengthened Morris' view of man, nature, and the gods as harmonious forces in the universe. This transcendental concept enriches his best work, the work through which he arrests his readers with 'a rumor of immortal hopes.'"

There follows a list of his Fiction (from 1914-1931); Non-Fiction (from 1907, including the 1975 publication of his *Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History*); Critical Studies: (1914-1980), concluding with the article "Kenneth Vennor Morris" in *The Phoenix Tree* (anthology), Avon Books, New York, introducing Morris's "The Rose and the Cup."

Biographies of the Great

Hermes, organ of U.T.F. (Universal Theosophy Fellowship, Inc., P.O. Box 1085, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93102), continues with its informative series begun some years ago of outstanding individuals great in heart and mind. In 1984, October: Julian of Norwich (14th century A.D.); November: John Colet (b. 1467 in London); December: Nachman of Breslav (b. 1772 in Medzeboz). In 1985: January: Ashoka (b. 304 B.C., became Emperor about 272 B.C.); February: Nagasena; June: Asanga.

Theosophie Heute (Theosophy Today)

Under this new title in January 1985 *Das Hohere Leben* (The Higher Life) (official magazine published by Theosophischen Gesellschaft in Deutschland e. V., founded in 1897 by Dr. Franz Hartmann) appears in new dress and enlarged to 52 pages. Dr. Charlotte Wegner continues as editor.

Conventions and Summer Schools

Readers of theosophical journals in their respective countries will have been alerted to the yearly plunge of manasic (not to mention physical) activity indicated by theosophical conferences, conventions, and gatherings during the summer months, too many to list completely here. We mention only the 1985 itinerary of Joy Mills, Director of the Krotona Institute School of Theosophy, Ojai, California, whose crowded schedule includes two residential weekends at Tekels Park, a weekend conference in Lancashire, day seminars in Letchworth and Cheltenham, and talks in Portsmouth, Bournemouth, Torquay, Cardiff, Camberley, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and at the T.S. London Headquarters. At that center on July 27th Dr. Harry Upadhyay will deliver the annual Blavatsky Lecture on "The Absolute: the Ultimate Reality (Parabrahman)", and Joy Mills will speak on "Theosophy: Who Can Say What It Is?" The closing number of that Convention should excite the listeners: "Brains Trust", with Joy Mills, John Algeo (guests from USA), Geoffrey Farthing, Harry Upadhyay, answering written questions.

Groups and Lodges in Germany stemming from Point Loma (Berlin and Dortmund), and Point Loma-Covina (Hannover), will also have Conventions and Summer Schools: respectively at Bringhausen, with Irmgard Scheithauer officiating; and in Bad Sachsa (Harz) statt, Hermann Knoblauch, leader, and Bärbel Ackermann, Secretary. We hope for reports from these later.

T.I.S.A. Again

We like to speak of small groups scattered around the world who work theosophically for the betterment of humanity. Numbers may be few, but the spirit and drive strong. *Koeksister* is one such in Wynberg, South Africa (see our *Eclectic*, Jan./Feb. 1985) Rosemary Vosse is editor of their keeping-in-touch magazine, now in its 46th number. Inserted in each issue is a separate sheet, titled "Theosophy in South Africa", two pages giving the basic teachings of Theosophy. No. 5 (Nov. 1984) presents "The Path to the Heart of the Universe"; No. 6 (Feb. 1985) tells "The Story of Man". It concludes its friendly study, quoting from the Psalms: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me . . ." Who is 'thou'? Surely it must be the divine spark, that godspark which accompanied us, was us in our highest part, all the way from the beginning of the Manvantara. Truly, we are the temple of the living God."

"Eclectic Theosophist"

Here perhaps for current Eclectic readers is an interesting historical note. We quote from *The Theosophical Forum*, Nov. 1945.

"Readers are referred to our statement in *The Theosophical Forum*, July, 1945, p. 326, regarding a proposed *Eclectic Theosophist*, a magazine to contain the best articles from the score or more Theosophical magazines now published in different parts of the world. Regarding this, Miss Joy Mills of the Wheaton, Olcott, Staff of the American Section T.S. (Adyar), writes to Mr. I.L. Harris, Chairman of the Cabinet, that she feels it is 'eminently worthwhile to gather opinions with regard to such a venture'. And adds: 'On Mr. Pearson's recent visit to Olcott, we discussed this at some length, and while we are surely for the basic idea which would unify our work and arrive at basic fundamentals, nevertheless we were aware of certain difficulties, which no doubt you also realize. I always feel that practicality may sometimes clip the wings of the bird . . . and therefore I am perhaps more inclined to wish to attempt the ideal despite the difficulties'. And again: 'It might well be that the various Societies could each elect a member to serve on the editorial board, and this group would decide upon the purpose and objects of such a magazine. Articles submitted or chosen for publication would necessarily need to meet the standard of the principles upon which we agree, and there are many such articles in our various journals that are written entirely free from any doctrinal bias or personal loyalties. Whatever clarifies or illumines the statements of the Masters and brotherhood, whatever contributes to the promulgation of the idea of brotherhood, whatever throws light upon the correlations between modern science and Theosophy, whatever furthers the synthesis of comparative religion, philosophy and science, should find its place in such a publication. Its idea would be TRUTH, its keynote SERVICE, and its basis BROTHERHOOD. Naturally, as you know, my statements carry no official weight, and are entirely personal opinion.' "

Today's *Eclectic Theosophist* makes no boast of fulfilling the above broad outline of a program; it has its own priorities. What is important is that it appeared. And that was in March of 1971, fourteen years ago.

FROM LETTERS RECEIVED

G.R., Lakeside, Calif. — Your 'Eclectic Theosophist' is as good as ever, and I have gained a lot of knowledge from it. But I would suggest that you go a little more into 'medias res' and offer the 'Doctrine of the Heart' and less the 'Doctrine of the Eye'. The intellect does not lead to 'self-realization' and is ineffective in the domain of a true spiritual life. We should go beyond mere intellectualism into the realm of Buddhi-Manas and should value Wisdom higher than physical knowledge. The emphasis upon the intellect which analyzes and divides — and it dominates most theosophical groups — leads only to the disregard of the practices of brotherhood and compassion. I am working now on my present manuscript with the translation of Māhāyāna scriptures into German, such as the Lankavatara and Surangama Sutras. I also received as a present the five books of the "Words of Buddha from the collected writings of the Anguttara Nikaya" by the Aurnum Verlag, Freiburg, Germany, compiled by the German Buddhist Monk Nyanatiloka, a follower of the Theravada school, who died in Sri Lanka . . . I work with theosophical groups in Germany who appreciate my work and my help. As soon as I have the opportunity I will become officially a Buddhist and will take a Buddhist name! Dr. Norbert Lauppert, Graz, Austria, told me that the new impulse, coming from the 'White Brotherhood', will never come through the Theosophical Society because of the decline of the latter. The Masters know that and will go new ways. They will touch other and different circles and groups.

J.S., Boulder, Colo. — I have written to the people you mentioned in my new quest to find the works of Kenneth Morris, who, above all fantasy writers, I feel the greatest affinity with at present. The two tales in the books you sent spoke very deeply to me. Is your bibliography on Morris, Alexander and Walton still available? Is it strictly lists, or is there biographical information? In the bit of Morris's work I have been graced to read thus far, I sense a man for whom the spiritual life was at the core, and writing myths was an outward expression. His writing is connected to something real, not just invented out of cleverness — or so it strikes me."

— In a letter to Professors Bob Boyer and Kenneth Zahorski (of St. Norbert College, De Pere, Wisconsin.)

C.I., Los Alamitos, Calif. — Do enjoy my issues of E.T. There is always something that lifts my spirit.

R.M., La Crescenta, Calif. — May I say that the *Eclectic Theosophist* is really unique, and truly eclectic. It is good to be able to read such a diversity in a single publication.

H.M., Berlin, Germany. — We are speaking very often of your visit to Berlin, because it is wonderful to have the opportunity to meet people who know Point Loma as well as you do.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

—May be obtained from the following publishers:

G.K. Hall & Co., 70 Lincoln Street, Boston, MA 02111; *Alexander, Walton, Morris, a Primary and Secondary Biography*, by Zahorski and Boyer. \$23.00.

The Theosophical Publishing House, 306 W. Geneva Road, Wheaton, IL 60187 *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, Vol. IX, \$16.50.

The Theosophy Company, 245 West 33rd St., Los Angeles, CA 90007. *The Voice of the Silence*, by H.P. Blavatsky, \$3.00. *El Oceano de la Teosofia*, by W.Q. Judge (Spanish Translation) \$3.75.

Theosophical University Press, P.O. Bin C, Pasadena, Calif. 91109: *Theosophy: The Path of the Mystic*, by Katherine Tingley, p. \$3.50, cl. \$6.00. *The Voice of the Silence*, by H.P.B. p. \$2.25, cl. \$4.00.S

Stichting I.S.I.S., De Ruyterstraat 74, The Hague, Holland: *Man in Evolution* (Dutch translation) by G. de Purucker

Crown Publishers, Inc., One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. *Reincarnation: A New Horizon in Science, Religion and Society*, by Sylvia Cranston and Carey Williams, 400 pp. \$16.95.

Point Loma Publications, P.O. Box 6507, San Diego, CA 92106 OM, *The Secret of Ahbor Valley*, by Talbot Mundy, \$7.25. *Hierarchies: the Cosmic Ladder of Life*, by G.W. van Pelt, \$2.00. *Sanskrit Keys to the Wisdom-Religion*, by Judith M. Tyberg, \$5.00. *The Wisdom of the Heart*, by Katherine Tingley, \$5.75. *The Eclectic Theosophist*, bound copies, Vol. I (Nos. 1-41), \$15.00; Vol. II: (Nos. 42-87), \$17.00.

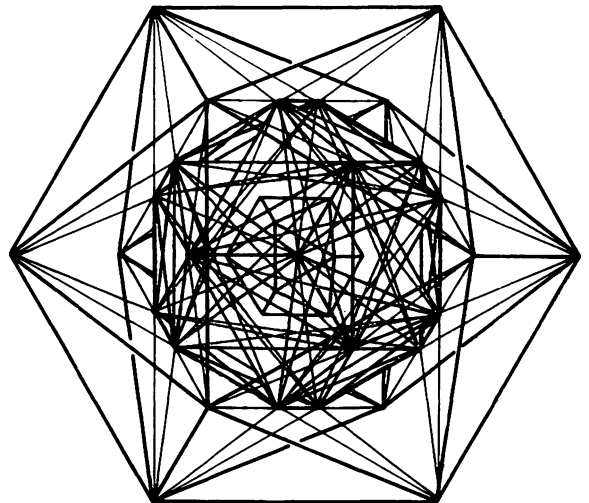
CONTRIBUTIONS

Since our May-June report the following contributions have been received, and are here acknowledged with deep appreciation: D.M.U., \$25.00; E.L., \$15.00; Chicago P.L. Study-Group, \$350.00; J.V.C., \$25.00; G.C., \$50.00, in memory of George Curtis; D.L.G., \$1025.00.

By The Holy Tetraktys!

SYMBOL AND REALITY
IN MAN AND UNIVERSE

L. GORDON PLUMMER



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D.J.P. Kok Passes Into Peace

As we go to press we have received brief word of the death of Mr. Kok, who for many years headed the work of the Theosophical Society that has headquarters in Blavatskyhuis, The Hague, Holland.

To Mrs. Herma Kok and to all members of Blavatskyhuis staff and friends we send our understanding thought and deep sympathy. Another friend and devoted worker for the Great Cause has gone Home. As the old saying has it: *gaudet in astris, he rejoices among the stars.*